

DELL

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Still 10¢

NO. 1627

THE TEXAN



Bill Longley leads a town in revolt
against a greedy outlaw's rule.



"AS LONG AS I LIVE

I'll never forget that day
I rode out of town,
headed for Dallas...

"Call it a hunch if you like, but I
had a feeling trouble would be dogging
me along the way... and I was
right, too, for I soon found myself
tangling with some hired guns
in a gold-hungry tent town, where
daring men fought for

REVENGE IN ROCK

RIVER"



THE TEXAN

REVENGE IN ROCK RIVER

THE TENT TOWNS OF THE EARLY WEST WERE RUGH, ROADY CATCHALLS FOR GOLD-HUNGRY MINERS, SPECULATORS, AND GAMBLERS. ROCK RIVER, NEW MEXICO WAS NO EXCEPTION...

I'LL LAY A FIVE-DOLLAR BAG OF DUST ON BRILL!

YOU'RE ON! SANDY WILL LAY HIM OUT JUST LIKE LAST TIME!



I'LL TEACH YOU, YOU LOU-EARED TEXAN!



YOU'LL NEVER TEACH ME ANYTHING, YOU KANSAS CORNUCOPUS!



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YOU'RE "THE TEXAN"! WELL, BUST ME!
MY OL' CAP'N... THE FASTEST GUN IN THE WHOLE
DOGGED TERRITORY!

ANYONE WHO CAN DRAW A GUN CAN
BE CALLED FAST, SADDY... UNTIL HE
MEETS SOMEONE FASTER!



WELL, ONE THING SURE,
CAP'N... WE CAN SURE
USE YOU IN ROCK
RIVER!

THAT'S THE TRUTH!
NOW MAYBE WE
CAN ALL TELL JOHN
FLOOD AND HIS
GUNMEN TO GO
CLIMB A TENT
POLE!



WHO'S
JOHN
FLOOD?

THE MAN WHO'S GOT THIS TOWN
UNDER HIS THUMB, THAT'S WHO!
COME ON... LET'S GO MEET
HIM!



NOW HOLD ON A
MINUTE! I'VE GOT
NO QUARREL WITH
THIS MAN FLOOD!

WELL, WE SURE HAVE!
WE HAVE TO PAY HIM
TWENTY-FIVE PERCENT
OFF ALL THE BUST WE
TAKE OUT OF OUR CLAIMS
... SAME WITH ALL
THE OTHERS!



WHAT ARE YOU
PAYING HIM FOR?

FOR PROTECTION!
AGAINST OUTSIDERS,
HE SAYS... BUT IT'S
THOSE GUNMEN OF
HIS WE'RE BEIN'
PROTECTED
AGAINST!











BECKON I'LL GO ON
OVER TO MY DIGGINS
AND TURN IN! GOT A
LOT OF SLUICH TO
DO TOMORROW!

YEAH, SO'VE WE...
AND WHAT MAKES ME
SMILE IS I DON'T
FIGURE WE'LL BE
WORKING TWENTY-
FIVE PERCENT OF THE
TIME FOR JOHN FLOOD!

DON'T GO OFF THE
DEEP END, SANDY!
FLOOD'S GOT TO
MAKE A BIG MOVE
NOW... HE KNOWS
HE'S IN TROUBLE!

HE SURE IS... AND
YOU'RE JUST THE
DELLA TO KEEP HIM
THERE! ALL WE NEED
IS ONE MAN THAT CAN
FACE DOWN THOSE
SONS OF US!

I CAN'T STAY HERE FOREVER! YOU AND THE
REST OF THE MINNERS ARE GOING TO HAVE
TO GET TOGETHER AND MAKE FLOOD LISTEN
TO YOU! EITHER THAT OR RUN HIM OUT OF
TOWN! IF YOU ALL JUST STOPPED PAYING
HIM, HE'D —

SUDDENLY...

THERE'S SOMEONE IN THOSE
BUSHES! QUICK! GET OUT
OF THE FIRELIGHT!

CRACK!

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE OR
YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!

DON'T SHOOT TILL I SAY WHAT I CAME TO
SAY! I THINK YOU'LL WANT TO HEAR IT!













THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG! THERE'S
AT LEAST **THREE** OF US STANDIN' WITH
CAPT. LONGLEY!



YOU'RE USED TO HANDLIN' GADGETS AND
PICKS, MINER! IT'LL TAKE A LOT MORE'n
THREE OF YOU TO TAKE ME AND
PETE!



**SUDDENLY, ANOTHER GROUP OF MINERS LED
BY DANDY JOE STEP FORWARD...**

COUNT US IN, TEXAN!



MAKE YOUR MOVE, TEXAN! IF YOU
DON'T, WE WILL!



**THEN, ALMOST AS IF BY A PREARRANGED SIGNAL, EVERY MINER AND PROSPECTOR ON THE STREET
JOINS IN BACKING UP THE TEXAN...**

LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT MORE FRIENDS
THAN YOU HAVE, FLOOD! YOU STILL
WANT TO FIGHT?

PETE! AL! DO SOMETHIN'
...GUN HIM!





THE TEXAN

STAGE TO PARADISE

AT DUSK ONE EVENING IN THE SMALL OKLAHOMA TOWN OF FENTON, BILL LONGLEY, "THE TEXAN," RIDES IN WITH A PRISONER...

LOOKA THERE! THAT'S CLINT DICKSON ON THE END OF THAT ROPE!

NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY HE'D BE CAUGHT!

KINDA GOT A TIGER BY THE TAIL, HAVEN'T YOU, YOUNG FELLA?

MAYBE SO, BUT THIS IS AS FAR AS I HOLD HIM: THE SHERIFF IN?

"AFRAID NOT! FACT IS, WE HAVEN'T HAD A SHERIFF FOR MORE'N A WEEK NOW!"

OH? WHY NOT?

LAST ONE PASSED ON, THAT'S WHY NOT... AND NO ONE ELSE WANTS THE JOB!

HE! LOOKS LIKE THIS ISN'T THE END OF THE LINE AFTER ALL, LONGLEY!

LONGLEY? YOU BILL LONGLEY, THE FELLA THEY CALL, "THE TEXAN"?

THAT'S RIGHT!





FAST NIGHT...

WELL, BILL... I GOT THE GRAND TOTAL OF ONE VOLUNTEER TO GO ALONG WITH US: FELLA NAMED KILEY JOHNSON... HE'S MIGHTY GOOD WITH A RIFLE!

ONE'S BETTER THAN NONE, FRED! HOW FAR IS IT TO PARADISE?



'BOUT EIGHTY MILES! THREE SWING STATION STOPS! IF WE MOVE HARD, SHOULD TAKE 'BOUT SEVEN HOURS!

THAT'S ASKING A LOT OF THE HORSES! WHAT'S THE STAGE, A FOUR-UP?



YEP! BUT I RECKON WE COULD ARRANGE FOR TWO EXTRA!

IT'D BE A GOOD IDEA! THE FASTER WE MOVE, THE BETTER OFF WE'LL BE!



THE WAY I FIGURE, DRAGON'S FRIENDS WILL BE ABOUT TWO HOURS BACK OF US WHEN WE PULL OUT!

THAT DOESN'T GIVE US MUCH OF AN EDGE! HOW MANY OF 'EM ARE THERE, DO YOU KNOW?



THERE'S TEN OF 'EM, FRIEND... AND EVERYONE A DEAD SHOT! YOU BOYS ARE GONNA HAVE ABOUT AS MUCH CHANCE AS A SHORT TONN IN A DEEP WELL!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

BILL, THIS IS KILEY JOHNSON, THE
FELLA I TOLD YOU ABOUT LAST NIGHT!

NICE TO MEET YOU, KILEY!
THANKS FOR COMING ALONG--
IT'S NOT GOING TO BE ANY
PLEASURE TRIP!



I DIDN'T EXPECT IT
WOULD BE, BUT I NEVER
TOOK TO THE LIKES OF
CLINT DICKSON!

TOO BAD THERE
AREN'T MORE LIKE
YOU AND FRED IN
THIS TOWN!



ALL SET
WHEN YOU
ARE, MR.
LONGLEY!

ARE YOU GOING ALONG, NED?
I JUST FIGURED WE'D
BORROW THE STAGE!



LISTEN HERE! I BEEN MAKIN'
THIS RUN FOR OVER TEN YEARS!
GONE THRU INJUNS AND BADMEN!
THE DICKSON GANG DON'T SCARE
ME A BIT! THEY WANT TROUBLE,
I RECKON THEY'LL BE GETTIN'
A BELLYFUL!



LET'S GET
GON!

INSIDE, DICKSON! YOU'RE GOING TO
HAVE A LONG RIDE!



WITH A LURCH, THE STAGE HEADS FOR PARADISE, EIGHTY MILES AWAY...



MEANWHILE, BACK IN FENTON...





LET'S SEE IF
WE CAN PICK UP
SOME TALK!

NO HARM
IN TRYING!



ONE THING SURE...
I'M GLAD I'M NOT
ALONG ON THAT TRIP!

YEAH! A TRIP TO
PARADISE! THAT'S
A LAUGH!



WHAT'S SO
FUNNY,
FRIEND?

NOT FUNNY, REALLY!
JUST A FIGURE OF
SPEECH!



WHICH MEANS
WHAT?

WHICH MEANS I'M GLAD I'M
NOT ON THAT STAGE TO
PARADISE! DICKSON'S BOYS
ARE GOING TO HIT IT FOR
SURE!



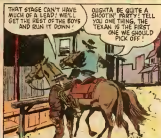
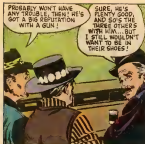
DICKSON? YOU
MEAN CLINT
DICKSON, THE
OUTLAW?

THAT'S RIGHT! HE'S ON
THAT STAGE... THEY'RE
TAKING HIM TO THE U.S.
MARSHAL!



THEY? WHO'S
THEY?

BUNCH OF FOOLS,
THAT'S WHO! ONE
OF 'EM'S BILL LONGLEY,
THE MAN THEY CALL
"THE TEXAN!"



MP AHEAD, NED URGES THE HORSES ON...



RIGHT AS WELL GET SOME
REST INSIDE, RUBY!... I'LL
TAKE THE WATCH
UP HERE!

SURE, BILL...
THANKS!



IF YOU ASK ME, NOTHIN'S GONNA
HAPPEN ANYWAYS! LOT OF NONSENSE
FOR NOTHING... COULDA
DELIVERED DICKSON ALL
BY MYSELF!

I HOPE
YOU'RE RIGHT,
NED!



BUT, JUST IN CASE
YOU'RE WRONG, LET'S
KEEP OUR EYES
OPEN!

ALWAYS DO, YOUNG
FELLA... ALWAYS DO!



AN HOUR LATER...

THERE IT IS!
SAFE FOR THE
POKIN'!

EVERYBODY WATCH THEIR
SHOTS! DON'T WANT TO
HIT CLINT!



THE NEXT MOMENT, THE DIXON GANG STRIKES...



THE CHASE IS ON...





THE TEXAN ACTS QUICKLY...



THE TEEN RACES WILDLY AS THE TEXAN ATTEMPTS TO GET THE REINS...





TWO MORE OF THE DICKSON GANG ARE WOUNDED... AND THEN ANOTHER...



THE SUDDEN STOP OF THE STAGE TAKES THE OUTLAWS BY SURPRISE...



A PLEDGE



TO PARENTS

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TOWNS with MANY FACES



"Western towns are symbols of the moving frontier . . .



"One day, the plains can be empty, with not a house or a wagon in sight. Yet almost overnight, a town of tent buildings may appear where only buffalo grazed before. These rough camp communities are called 'tent towns,' and usually spring up near railroads or in mining areas.



"If a community is to be permanent, tents are replaced by sturdier buildings. In dry areas, where wood is scarce and the sun is hot, earth-walled dugouts may be used.



"In the Southwest where adobe is plentiful, people use the Spanish style of construction. Adobe clay, mixed with straw, is molded into bricks. Hardened by baking in the sun, the bricks are then ready for use.



"As a town grows, sources of lumber are needed. If local sawmills cannot be established, it is necessary to transport lumber for many miles by wagon or train.



"Sometimes, towns outlive their usefulness and are abandoned. Communities where people once gathered to live and trade now remain as deserted one-night stopovers for immigrants pushing westward."

THE TEXAN

THE EXPRESS OFFICE HAS BEEN ROBBED! THE SHERIFF'S OUT OF TOWN ON BUSINESS! MAYBE YOU CAN HELP, BILL!

THE EXPRESS CLERK TELLS THE STORY OF THE ROBBERY...

THERE WERE TWO OF THEM, BUT I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO SHOOT! ONE BANDIT STOPPED OUTSIDE AND SHOT AT ME THROUGH THE GLASS DOOR!

LET'S FORM A POSSE! WE CAN STILL CATCH THEM!



THAT MAY NOT BE NECESSARY! MAYBE WHOEVER PULLED THE ROBBERY IS STILL HERE! TAKE A LOOK AT THAT DOOR...

WHEN GLASS IS BROKEN BY A BULLET, IT SHATTERS AWAY FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE SHOT! THESE SHOTS CAME FROM THE INSIDE, NOT THE OUTSIDE AS HE SAYS!

LET'S SEE IF YOUR GUN WAS BEEN FIRED, CLERK!



GET OUT OF MY WAY, EVERYBODY!

YOU "INVENTED" THOSE BANDITS SO YOU COULD ROB THE OFFICE YOURSELF!

THAT STRANGER SURE HAD IT FIGURED IN A HURRY! WHO IS HE, ANYWAY?

THAT'S BILL LONGLEY... THE MAN THEY CALL "THE TEXAN"!

